

THE CITY'S CROWD.

The city's crowd! What a modey throng Of people compose it, as to and fro, Laughing or frowning, they hurry along:

On business intent;
On pleasure bent—
Laughter with sounds of sobbing blent;
Where do they come from—where do they go? Where do they go when the day is done? When the light with the gloom of night

And the twinkling stars Through their lattice bars, Each in his place, show one by one Their crystal lanterns, God attended.

What are their hopes, and what are their fears? How many shall quaff from the cup success? How many remember the burned out years Of the most by its bitter wretchedness? fem'ries of hopes denied, and tears Shed at the bier of loveliness:

Backward and forward the city's crowd Sweep ever and ever, a motly throng; Pleasure in finery; wee in a shroud Of black, meet and mingle and hurry along. Hither and thither; Whence from? and whither?

How many shall live and how many shall

wither Through the night, in the night, When the day shall be ended, And its palld, cold light.

#### AUNT BETSEY'S BABY.

I suppose you might travel a whole day over the big city, and out into the sweet and shady suburban village, where the streets are no more than brown straggling country lanes running along between dull green ranges of dogwood rose vines, and you would not find a shabbier house than

It was the tiniest little cabin in all of Carrollton, and the shabblest and the sweetest. It was no wonder that Uncle Price, standing out in his yard in the cool of the evening, used to look with faded, affectionate eyes on the gray little ramshackle shanty, and declare that "hit seemed like it would crack his beart strings of de good Lawd shed see fitten to youst him out o dat yar cabin."

As the dewy country lane came run-ning toward Uncle Price's, joyously green and gay between its mountainous ranges of rose vine, it laughed out into a broad grassy common. Uncle Price loved that lane and that common, and often when be leaned over the broken gate that gaped a perpetual welcome to his house, he would say, with an appreciative chuckle: "Dat lane jes bus itse'f wide open w'en it come

down yar by de cabin."

And just where "de lane had bus itse'f wide open," where the failing town trailed off into the country, as you have seen a shelving sandy block trail off into the sea, Uncle Price and Aunt Betsey had their cabin. The uneven yard was thick with grass and short white clover, and down in the corner by the fence stood a clump of goldenrod, its bright lamps all alight. There were two great sprawling fig trees, and under these the cabin stood, the pale green three cornered leaves keeping the obbly porch in restful shade all the long summer, from April to November.

It was a curiously lop sided little shanty, with a board on hinges for a shutter, a mud chimney, and there was but o coom, that did duty for parlor and dining room as well as bedroom and kitchen. There was a back porch as well, and at one corner of it, up on end, stood a huge green hogshead, with a spigot near the bottom, which hogshead in Uncle Price's country is called a cistern. A beautiful curtain of issmine vine, broidered all over with pale fine stars of blossoms that smelled, oh, so sweet! at sunrise and at nightfall, swung from the rotting pillars of the porches. Inside all was sweet and neat porches. Inside all was sweet and hear and clean. The ashes were swept up in the center of the big fireplace, and the saucepan and skillet, that were all of Betsey's Ritchen utensils, stood, when use, decorously up in a corner of earth. The floor was uneven, and down in the valley side was an old red posted bedstead covered with a pine straw nattress, a couple of thin pillows and a faded quilt. There was also a table, a shelf in one corner, on which leaned two small yellow bowls, two gray veined plates and a few spoons and forks. In the corner of the fireplace stood a trunk eradle, the body of an old skin covered trunk, to which Uncle Price had put rockers in the days when Betsey's baby was little enough for such a queer resting

There was also a chest in which Betsey kept their few extra pieces of Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes, a bench for the old woman, and a hide bottomed arm chair under the window for the old man. big Bible, worn and tattered and old, lay on the table, and every night Uncle Price would light a pine terch and hold it for Betsey to read the gospel. In these southern negro cabins a lamp or a candle is a rare luxury. Winter and summer the bit of light needed at night is furnished by kindling a pine knot on the hearth.

Such a gospel as Betsey used to read

out of the good book was sweet to her old man's ears, although it would have puzzled the parson to give the chapter and verse-scraps of hymns, bits of ringing plantation melodies, a remembered sen tence of some sermon and a few Scripture phrases. All the room would be in black shadow save the space about the old couple. Price, 80 if he was a day, would be bending over, pipe in his mouth, holding the flaming pine stick, from which the thick smoke breathed and the yellow drops of rosin rell like amber beads

Betsey, on her low bench, the Bible open on her knecs and her long, claw like forefinger following the lines patiently, would read out in her trembling voice, with a sort of anxious sob in it, while the old man would listen solemnly, sucking at his pipe, now and then saying: Bress de Lord fer dat!" "Armen!" and getting great comfort out of Betsey's "gospel trufe." One night I heard the old woman read this out of her wonderful

#### Ole Joe behin' de foe

Did old Betsey think she could read? Of course she did, although the pages were as unknown to her as Sanscrit is to you and me. "Course I kin read, honey," she used to say, with dignity, when the baby sometimes asked her, "honor

Early every morning Betsey used to get up and start a little fire on the hearth and set down the saucepan of water to boil. She had a tiny two storied coffee pot, and in the second story, which had a perforated floor, she would put a handful of ground coffee, and when the water boiled she would take her small gourd dipper and pour just a little bit at a time on to the grounds. This water would soak through into the lower half of the pot, and when she had poured on two cupfuls—it took a long time—she would have a pot of black, clear, delicious coffee, strong enough to stain the yellow bowls a deeper

She was a funny little old darky woman, short, stumpy, with a small bit of a black face, shining eyes that slipped around in their sockets like black glass beads, no teeth to speak of, and the soft-est, most musical and palavering voice I ever heard. She wore a blue cotton gown, a brown woolen apron, a "head hanki-cher" of gay green and white and gold colored cotton, and, when going out visiting, a dozen or so of brass rings on fingers thumbs. Winter and summer she went bare footed, and when her big flat feet, harder than any sole leather, came

down on the uneven floor, the cabin tairly shook with fright. Betsey would tiptoe about in the morning, and when the coffee would be dripped, the corn cake baked, would be dripped, the corn case based, the side meat fried, or the plantain, (a kind of coarse banana, only good whefl cooked) roasted in the ashes, she would call out in her gentle and trembling voice, "Come on, my honey, de vittles is hot and handy," and then Uncle Price would sit up on the edge of the bed, his wife would "set him up a bit with a clean "hankicher," and to-gether they would eat their breakfast. How still the little dingy room would be! You could hear the chicks pecking about on the front porch, the young birds chirping in the trees, the shouts of Mis Juley Robinson's five woolly headed sons as they fished for crawfish for their ma's dinner in the gutter at the end of the lane. Uncle Price sat on the edge of the bed, with the table drawn up in front. His head was as white as the wool on a bisque doll. His shirt was blue and clean and his pants were of all colors, being patched into a resemblance to a crazy quitt. Strips of red fiannel were tied about his wrists and ankles to keep off the rheumatism, and he always carried half a dozen matches and a comple of nails stuck in the wool over his 1 - ear,

owman. Uncle Price sopped his corn bread in his coffee on this particular morning, and as he did so said sadly: 'Pears lak de baby ain't gwine come to bre kfas' no mo.'' "Well, she mout, an' den 'gin she moutn't," Aunt Betsey answered, having

so that they would be handy for the "old

no notion of committing herself to a be-lief one way or the other. Just then there was a terrible noise out on the porch; the little cabin quaked visibly. Somebody began to fumble and pull at the door latch, finally lifting it with a desperate tug, and the baby, ac-companied by her three dogs, Toots, Baboo and Jake, walked gravely into the

Such a funnie little lassie as it was that pattered in; her bare feet all wet with the dew, with nothing on but her ruffled, cross barred nightgown, and her yellow hair like a soft little furze, standing out all over her head, all the world like a dandelion gone to seed. Her dogs, as disreputable a lot of canines as ever lived, Baboo being long bodied, low in stature and fearfully bowlegged, had been all dressed up in bibs and collars, and looked miserable in consequence. But they slunk faithfully as her bare heels and endured the pins that stuck into their necks with doglike devotion.

The baby stepped in—a little 3-year-old rnaway—and as the big door opened a trailing robe of warm, white sunshine followed after her, and spread out a fine court train about her feet.

Betsey picked the child up, and she and Price kissed her, and then as she sat her down on the table along with the two storied coffee pot, the plates and the yellow disks of corn bread, she said to her: "Ain't I done tole yer yer mus'n be comin' down hyar no mo dis time in de mawnin in ver night gownd and ver bar feet? Scandalizin' Miss Juley Robinson and keepin' me on de aidge o' torment and keepin' me on de andge o' torment 'bout yer gittin' snake bit! Drink yer cau-fee, honey." And Betsey held the yellow bowl to the baby's mouth. Without a word the small one took her scolding and her "cau-fee." It was a funny sandwich the three made—the two old, wrinkled black faces, glowing with love and bacon grease, bending over the milk white slip of a child, who eyed them fondly and took impartial bites of their

corn bread and sups from their bowls. To Price and Betsey "the baby" was as dear as if she had been their very own. Betsey had always been the child's "mammy," and related with pride, at least once every day, how she had been "the fusses one what toch dat chile." And the devo-tion begun on mammay's breast had never been lessened. For her Uncle Price had trapped popbirds and mockingbirds; for her he had cut the lid off of his treasured cowskin trunk and made it into a cradle; for her was the best in the cabin -the prettiest chicken, the brownest egg; and when the old man hobbled up to the big house one day with a noble gift of bantam hens and a tiny rooster, nobody dared ask how he had come by them, for Price had always boldly declared that he would go through fire and water for the child-a vow that, translated, probably

When at the cabin the child's vernacular was that of her hosts. She seemed to drop into it unconsciously, and so when the meal was over and the things cleared away, and Uncle Price fixed in by the window, and Betsey had put on her brass rings, the baby said, "You gwine way, mammy?"

"I ain't gwine no furder den yo mar's, honey. Mammy's got to step out in de sun an soople up her ole bones. You kin stay hyar longside yo Uncle Price twell I

It was not the first time the two had been left to keep each other company while Betsey was off in the sun "sooplin up her old bones," and this old black dying December and the fair, sweet baby May were well pleased to be left "settin together on de wheel o time," as Uncle

Price would say.

The old fellow sitting by the window, the warm sun like a rug over his knees, the milk white child clasped in his feeble arms, was as happy as the day is long. What wonderful tales he told her of how he was going up into the clouds, sail on the golden sea, and finally come to "our Father in Heaven," and of how he was going to see and be with the baby's own papa, the young "Marse Jim," who had died a year before.

"Ef I write my papa a letter, will you take it straight off to him!" asked the

Yes, honey, sho I will. I use ter kyarry de mail reg'lar bout fifty er forty

And so the child slid down, and went to the old abandoned cradle in which her mammy kept playthings for her visitor. She fished out some rumpled scraps of paper, a stub of lead pencil, and then sprawling down on the floor, in the midst of her patient dogs, she set to work to write her letters to papa. How busy she was, and how fast she covered the dirty bits of paper with her little scrawlings, folding them up and crowding them into Uncle Price's hand! Who has not seen such letters! who has not written such letters? that can only be read with the eyes of the heart, but when read reveal baby wants and wishes, confidences and secrets, hopes and hints about candy, and outright suggestions to "Santa Claus" and solemn promises to be good.

"Is you she gwine to take my papa my letters, Uncle Price? she said, as she folded up the last bit of scribbled over

'He'll be so s'prised. "Yes, my babe, fore de Lawd, I's gwine fotch dem letters safe to yer pappy. Bimeby dar's gwine ter come a angel, all white like a pigeon, and dat angel gwine tech me en de shoulder and say, 'Uncle Price, de Lawd says come right dar dis minnit, and den me and dat angel gwine git in de boat and sail off-clar out o' sight o' Betsey. And den bimeby we's gwine haul up and pull de boat out on de sho ob heaven, and den I's gwine step right up to de gret w'ite trone, an' de Lawd he say 'Howdy, Mistah Prices' and tech me, honey. Yes, my baby, de Lawd Almighty's gwine tech yer old uncle and turn him w'ite and new and mons'us strong. And den I'll look all 'long in all dem iv'ry pews whar de angel choirs will be a-flutterin' lak de pigeons on de cote, be a-flutterin has de pigeons on de cole, wid dey troats cooin' full o' music, an' dar I's gwine spy out yer pappy, an' I's gwine say, 'Marse Jim, hit's old Price, an' I's jes come; an' de baby, she 'puted was to fotob date latters' Au' I'll gin MEXICAN NEWSPAPERS.

de angels migratin all roun', an he-gwine ter read dem letters, an' bress de Lawd, honey. But dere will be joicin . ISM IN THE AZTEC CAPITAL. and jubilatin roun dem pews, an de au-gels all pesterin to see dem letters, an askin how dey come. An Marse Jim, he

Bending the Sunday Paper at Your askin now dey come. An Marse Jim, he gwine clap his han on me, and say, 'De baby's ole Uncle Price was de pos'man.''
"Go now, Uncle Price; go quick," and the small arms pushed at the gaunt old Leisure on Saturday Evening-No Conception of News-An Example of the Enterprise Displayed.

darkey, who sat wiping the tears from his half blind eyes. Now, there's enterprise for you.

National and Times of to-morrow." "No, honey; de angel ain't totch me on de shoulder yit. I's got de invite, but de do ain't open yit." And then somebody swooped down from the big house at the other end of the lane, nights from sheer laziness. Have gathered the runaway up, and baby and prising New York?

dogs departed. That night, while the mockingbird sang to itself in the honeysuckle vine, an angel re snow white and shining than the whitest young pigeon cooing in its cote came into the dingy cabin where Uncle Price and Aunt Betsey were waiting and watching, and Uncle Price turned his old eyes on the faithful, homely little darky wife and whispered, "I'm gwine, honey; de time is come. Don forgit de baby's

Betsey did not forget. And when the next day she bent for the last time with a rare caress over the stilled form of her old man, the tears fell down on the thin black hands in which were clasped, just as she had promised, the baby's letters.—Catharine Callin Harper's Bazar.

Is the motion of planetry bodies perpetual? At first, everything seems to show that it is. The earth, which, with its mass of 3,000 trillion tons, turns with a speed which enables a student to go bare headed a good many miles without catching cold in the act of saluting a professor, for a long time defied all at-tempts to detect in it loss of speed; but with the friction of the tides continually at work such loss must take place, and now it is pretty certain from the calculations of Adams, the astronomer, that the earth loses about an hour in 16,000 known factor in Mexico. years, and is coming to rest, though, it must be admitted, rather leisurely. So, also, the hurrying up of the comets as they go round the sun is possibly accounted for by a retarding action in space time after time, without a single item of which makes it necessary for them to try original news. Everything in its news and make up, as it were, for lost time; and in fact the general arguments in the present day are in favor of what Sir Isaac Newton believed—that the motions of all bodies in space are suffering retardation, and that their velocity is becoming less and will ultimately cease.- Nature.

#### A King Who Hesitated.

The king who hesitates is very often lost, just as much as though he were an ordinary mortal. A very interesting dis-covery of recent date, shows that if Louis XVI had only been a little less dilatory he might have prevented the taking of the Bast le, and possibly changed the course of history. It is now clearly proved that early in 1788 he had given his conditional approval to a plan for demolishing the Bastile and for laying out the site as a garden; and a pian was actually prepared showing how the proposed change could be effected, but the king, unfortunately for himself, did not at once approve this plan when it was placed before him. He said he would think about it, and while he was thinking other and more stirring events followed, till presently, on July 14, 1789, the Parisians, tired of waiting for the king's consent, pulled down the Bastile on their own account. The original plan for laying out the site as a public garden is still in existence, and may be seen by the curious among the historical treasures at the National library at Paris.—London

#### A Railroad Velocipede

A railroad velocipede is at present experimented upon by the military anthori-ties of France. It is a wagon of very light build and little weight, and has four wheels of thirty inches diameter, with rims constructed for running on rails. One man can move it at a speed of forty to fifty miles an hour. By means of a brake it can be stopped in a distance of five yards-that is, almost instantaneously. It man to get out of the way of a locomotive, for instance, and as easily replaced after the train has passed. By fixing gutta percha rings around the wheels the ipede can be prepared to run on country roads. The durability of these machines, as constructed by the French, is said to be marvelous. Such an engine, if practi-cable, might solve the problem of private conveyances running on railroads as on highways.—Paris Letter.

"If you ever happen to find a silver

dollar in the course of your travels, you let it lie right where it is when you see it," said a jolly young broker. "Coming down on the elevated a few ys ago," he continued, "I noticed some-

days ago." thing bright wedged in between the bas-ketwork seat to the wooden arm. I poked it out with my knife blade and found my prize to be a silver dollar. I had never found any money before, and I felt so good that when I got off the train I good that when I got on the stand bought stepped into a cigar store and bought four cigars for \$1, instead of three ment for stipulated days or for consecutive ment for stipulated days or for consecutive. for a quarter, as usual. BAYYfully thirsty, and, being \$1 shead, I ordered a bottle of claret. Later, buoyed up by the same thought, I asked the boys to take something, and the round cost me ninety cents. When it came time to go ne the elevated trains were crowded, so I thought I'd spend my dollar for a han-som cab and drive home, stopping at a theatre, where, on account of my find, I bought tickets of a speculator instead of at the office. I told my wife about my luck and showed her the identical dollar, which I had saved. She was delighted, and insisted upon having the piece smoothed off on one side and the place and date of my good fortune inscribed thereon, the carrying out of which conceit cost me \$2.50. Altogether, I should think my find cost me nearly \$10; so take my advice, and if you run across any stray dollars don't pick 'em up."—New York

Garments of the Eskimo. The Eskimo costume consists in summer of sealskins, and in winter of reindeer skins, the latter being always worn in duplicate, one set with the fur next the body, the other with the fur outside, an arrangement that is even better than the famous one of Brian O'Lynn, who, according to the old song, having no breeches to wear, got him a sheepskin to make him out of the fisherman's barrel gave as his a pair, and then-

With the skinny side out, and the woolly side in, He was fine and warm was Brian O'Lynn. The pattern of their garments varies not a whit from generation to generation. The coat, which does not button but is hauled on over the head, has a large capuchin, in Eskimo language, "amook," at the back of the neck. The only difference between the coats of the men and the women lies in the latter being graced with a tail, both
"fore and aft," so to speak, upon which
the feminine foundess for ornamentation
is indulged to the full extent of the wearer's means, so that they may be seen adorned with numerous rows of beads and bits of brass or copper, such things as the works of a clock not being despised, for instance. A very popular form of decora-tion consists of tablespoons, which they and the bowls in another.—J. Macdonald Oxiey in American Magazine.

TXTRAORDINARY IDEAS OF JOURNAL-

"El Nacional y Tiempo de manana!" morrow, mind you, and this in a land where the flies are said to roost low of anything like it in your so called enter-

It sort of knocks out the stranger in this land of pulque and tortillas to find that he can read, or rather could read if he understood Spanish, Sunday's paper while he reclines at ease in a big armchair on Saturday evening. It takes all the conceit out of him, and the next day he doesn't carry his head near so high. It is only after he has mastered the language that his old time confidence returns, and the American eagle flaps his wings as lustily as ever to his eyes, for when he is able to read to-morrow's paper today he finds that it is really today's paper of yesterday, or day before yesterday, or week before last.

NO CONCEPTION OF NEWS. To be sure the paper is dated to-morrow, but if he finds any news of today in it he puts it down as an exceptional case, and when night after night, from 7 o'clock in the evening until 3 o'clock in the morning. he hears the cry, "El Nacional y Tiempo de mananal" he comments on it in the darkness with a plentiful sprinkling of swear words, for the Mexican newsboy's cry is exceptionally shrill and penetrating, and makes sleep a stranger to the nervous man's eyes. Queer institution is the newspaper here in this land of queer institutions. The word newspaper is really a libel on the genuine article, as we know. Newspaper men have absolutely no con-ception of news, and the much coveted 'beat" of New York journalism is an un-

And the people seemed to be perfectly contented with this sort of thing. I have seen The Monitor Republicano, the chief daily paper of the republic, come out, columns was copied from its local con-temporaries and full credit was given. This is the practice among all the papers. They make up their local news by taking the few original items that appear in the columns of their competitors. By going carefully through the columns of the city exchanges they manage to fill the space given to "news," so called, and as each paper is enabled to get at least an item or two of something fresh every day, they manage between them to keep the pot boiling and fill from three to five columns. Frequently I have seen an item traveling about for two or three weeks, going from paper to paper as the editors happened to find it. That sounds very funny, doesn't it? Just imagine the cry of "chestnuts!" that would soar heaven-ward if anything of the kind was attempted in your city. It's all a matter of education, however, and after awhile you learn not to mind it—in fact, you rather like it. I do. It saves an awful amount of wear on the nerves, and you need only read one paper to get absoutely all the news that has been printed, if you only wait long enough. All you require is patience, and you somehow or other accu-mulate a wonderful stock of it here after a short residence.

THE ENTERPRISE DISPLAYED. About the funniest illustration-that is funny to you. New Yorkers, I mean-of the enterprise displayed by the papers here in laying the news before their readers, occurred some time ago, when Mexico experienced the severest earthquake shocks of which there is any record. Houses were shaken down in different parts of the city, the aqueduct was broken, cutting off the water supply, the great cathedral was cracked, bridges were ruined and the people were almost scared to death. This occurred at 11:30 o'clock on a Saturday night. In your city you newspaper people would have worked your reporters nearly to death and strained the nerves of everybody in the establishment for the purpose of getting a full and complete story of the earthquake and the damage in Sunday morning's paper. Here the Sunday papers had been printed many hours before, and such a thing as an extra or anything of of. As there are no Monday papers—no-body works on Sunday except a few store-keepers—it was Tuesday's papers that

OLIVER BROS.,

Lumber Dealers were looked to for the news.

On Tuesday Et Kattor Republicano informed its expectant readers in about twelve lines, that on Saturday night there had been a very severe earthquake which had done much damage. Its staff of reporters was busily at work investigating the damage, and in a day or two the paper would lay its complete account before the public. And it did on Thursday morning, just five days after the shock. This paper has made a great fortune for its propri etor; its advertising rates are enormous and the advertising department is more arbitrarily conducted than that of the most independent journal in America. tive insertions. The best that you can do, if you want to advertise in its columns, is to secure a contract for a given number of insertions, the dates to be decided by the publishers without consulting you. And this only by paying in advance for all the insertions, some of which may not be given for menths afterward. Not a line of paid matter can be secured in the reading columns for love or money. Hundreds of dollars of advertisements are lost daily because the publisher will not increase the size of his paper, which is a four page sheet. Its circulation is about 4.000, and no effort has ever been made to increase it. Like every other newspaper -God save the mark -in this city and throughout the republic, El Monitor Republicano closes its forms at 6 o'clock in

the evening.

Think of that, you overworked news slaves of the place known as "God's country!"—City of Mexico Cor. New York Press.

Sympathy for the Sick. Funnyman-A sudden feeling of nausea has come over me. It must be something

I ve eaten. Horse Editor-Possibly it's something von've written .- Harper's Bazar.

The man who was found eating oysters

excuse that he believed in admitting raw material free .- Independent.

There are forty-three log school houses in lowa. This is the number given in the report of the state superintendent for

#### A Prudent Diner Out.

Gen. Horsce Porter, who is one of the most constant diners out and best after dinner speakers in New York, says that he would have had to give up dining long ago if he had not adopted a system of his own. Instead of drinking the different kinds of wine that are served with each course, he confines himself to one, and only eats the simpler dishes that are served, passing the entrees by without touching them. He does not see how men tion consists of tablespoons, which they break in two and arrange in various decord drink half a dozen wines and the vices, grouping the handles in one place of indigestible made dishes, and keep vices, grouping the handles in one place of indigestible made dishes, and keep vices, grouping the handles in one place of indigestible made dishes, and keep vices, grouping the handles in one place of indigestible made dishes, and keep vices, grouping the handles in one place of indigestible made dishes, and keep vices, grouping the handles in one place of indigestible made dishes, and keep vices, grouping the handles in one place of indigestible made dishes, and keep vices, grouping the handles in one place of indigestible made dishes, and keep vices, grouping the handles in one place of indigestible made dishes, and keep vices, grouping the handles in one place of indigestible made dishes, and keep vices, grouping the handles in one place of indigestible made dishes, and keep vices, grouping the handles in one place of indigestible made dishes, and keep vices, grouping the handles in one place of indigestible made dishes, and keep vices in any sort of condition—

Hyde & Humble are closing out their immense stock of wall paper, mouldings and window shades, 14 6t

To Contractors. Sealed proposals will be received at the First National bank of Stafford until the 12th day of June, 1888, for the construction of a bank building at Stafford, Kansas.

Specifications can be seen at the office of Gile & Olston, architects, Wichita, Kansas and at the bank, at Stafford, Bids to be in duplicate, and free from alterations or

The bank will require bonds for the completion of the building in four months from the date of contract, and reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

Frank Cox. Cashier. FRANK Cox. Cashier STAFFORD, Kan., June 1st, 1888. 14-6t.

Piene Tuning. J. L. Sheldon is now in the city. Send orders for tuning by postal card, addressed J. L. Sheldon, city. 14-6\*

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Pocket real estate books for lands and lots, for sale at thisoffice. Orders by mail promptly filled. Address all orders to The Wichita Eagle, Wichita, Kan, R. P. Murdock, Manager.

Horsemen Attection. The entries close for the June races commencing June 5, lasting until June 9, on the 25 of May, to be held at the exposition and fair grounds, Wiehta, Kansas. Send in your entries; write to the secretary for entry blanks; our track is the best mile track in the state. J. W. HARTZELL, 155 tf. Secretary and Manager.

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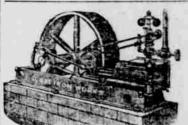
## HOUCK, THOMAS & CO.

SARCOXIE, MO.

· ---MAIN OFFICE---

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